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For the Easton Gazette.

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

BY HARRY GRENVILLE.

Proud man may climb ambition's height,
And struggling upwards scribe his name
In characters of living light,
Bright with the never dying fame.
But woman living meek and mild,
Seeks not to move in such a cause,
Where man with skill and learning wild
Lightly regards great natures laws.

Her home to her is dearer far
Than all the fame that science gives,
Or daring in pernicious war—
For her dear ones alone she lives;
A single smile from one alone,
To whom her heart's rich treasure's given;
Kind words in voice to her well known,
Creates for her on earth a heaven.

In sickness womans gentle deeds
Cheer up the lonely suff'ring one;
And the grieved soul she gently leads
To trust in HIM whose 'will be done';
With gentle words and loving smiles
She cheers the partner of her heart,
And with her lovely winning wiles
Robs every ill of half its smart.

St. Michaels.

ONLY A PRINTER;

OR, A TALE OF VIRGINIA ARISTOCRACY.

AN INCIDENT RELATED BY GOV. FLOYD AT THE "WHITE HOUSE."

Had I a tale to recount of the olden time, laying the scene thereof in England, France, Spain, or any of the old countries, to us associated with so much romance and gorgeous grandeur, in which there would be a plenteous sprinkling of lords and ladies, priests and nuns, magnificent palaces, haunted castles and gloomy monasteries, it would be far more acceptable to the great masses than if the scene was laid here in this land of plodding Yankees, railroads, manufactories, and cotton speculations; nevertheless, I will endeavor to spin a yarn, which, by the way, is not altogether a yarn, but facts and unvarnished truths.

I had the pleasure of spending a few days recently, continued Gov. F., with a distinguished friend of mine in Richmond, and while there heard the following conversation between the wife and daughter of my host.

"La! me, what impertinence!" exclaimed Lizzie K. as she scanned a beautiful colored note handed by a servant.

"What occasions your surprise my dear?" inquired her mother.

"Rather say indignation, mother, at being asked, and even urged, to take tea this evening at Mrs. Downer's the tanner's wife."

"And why should you not, my dear?"

"Think you it would be proper mother, for me, the daughter of Judge K. one of the wealthiest and most distinguished men of the city, to associate with such low bred mechanics?"

"Indeed, my daughter, if they are mechanics, they are a people well to do in the world, respectable, pious, agreeable, and every way worthy of your acquaintance."

"Really, mother," continued the young lady, as she tossed her pretty head, "I'm disposed to think differently, and so far from encouraging, I prefer always being removed as far as possible from the laboring classes. Besides, how is it expected that I should enjoy myself in converse with such people, whose only talk would be about the stocks, the market, and their own private concerns. Quite an intellectual *tete-a-tete* would it be, mother, dear?"

"Oh! fie, Lizzie, fie! But I am to blame for this. I've shown you too much indulgence; you are spoilt; so I must even now set about repairing my garden, and pluck out weeds and tares ere it be too late.

"Come sit down beside me, Lizzie, and I will give you your first lesson of worldly experience, by relating to you a story, which I trust will lower your pride, and make you a better woman. A woman with no pride, my daughter, is but a droning, easy creature, but one with too much is haughty, niggardly and selfish; both the extremes contemptible and mean. Be then neither too fashionably dressed nor too slovenly, too devout nor too worldly. A mere butterfly in the world of fashion and pleasure, making but small pretension to religion, is a character bad enough, but worse to my thinking is the fiery zealot, on the other hand, who has too many rigid virtues; who is continually railing against the world, displeased at anything like social and rational enjoyment, and shocked at the least merriment, dancing, playing or any amusement that the heart, in its fullness and gladness, prompts the young and sprightly to indulge. So, then, avoid extremes of every description." But to the story:

Sixteen years ago, Salem, in Virginia, was one of the most lovely villages imaginable; situated in the heart of the great valley of Virginia, yet commanding a magnificent view of the bold outlines of the Alleghenies and the Blue Ridge. The village contained no buildings of note save two; one of them, a magnificent tenement, the princely residence of one of the "old Virginia aristocracy;" the other, the only inn, a small, quaint, yet pleasant house nestled in the centre of the town. The proprietor of the one, a wealthy planter, and distinguished officer of the State; the other a poor widow whose only living depended on the profits of her table, which were but scant, as there was little travelling done, at that day, through this retired village. And the advent of a stranger was always a subject of curiosity and interest to the good townsfolks, as it is always so in the secluded villages and inns, in the out-of-the-way places of America.

To this little inn a gaily dressed, yet weary worn, traveller picked his way one evening in the autumn of 18—. The buxom hostess, and her tidy daughter were all life, and frisked about bestirring the savory viands, delicious cakes and eggs, much to the satisfaction of our hungry traveller who appeared to be a young man of some twenty summers, tall, commanding, of fine appearance and pleasing manners. He soon, by dint of frankness and suavity of manner, insinuated himself into the good graces of the hostess and daughter, with the latter of whom he appeared to be much struck, for she was as lovely as she was neat and graceful.

"Possessing charms not unlike one almost equal to whom I adore," exclaimed the young traveller admiringly as he placed himself before the sparkling fire after finishing his repast, "and expect ere long to lead to the alter, and with whom you are doubtless acquainted, as she lives only in the mansion above the village, as I understood."

"What! Emma White?" inquired the hostess.

"Even so, my good dame; I met her at the Springs some months ago, became enamored with her, wooed, won, and am now come to claim my bride."

"She is a beautiful creature, indeed!" interposed Augusta, the hostess' daughter, "but somewhat proud as is her father."

"Not so, indeed, gentle Augusta: if she has pride it is nothing but nature; maidenly pride, which every lass should have. And you say, Miss Augusta, she is quite well; well, I will let this pleasing intelligence restrain me to-night, and to-morrow, I will give the fair enchantress, I trust, an agreeable surprise."

Early next morning as etiquette would permit, the young man set out with buoyant heart and high hopes to the mansion

But we will precede him, and look in on his fair betrothed.

In a magnificent parlor of the mansion sat Emma White and her mother, the one thumming a piano, and the other interrogating a servant.

"And you say, Sambo, he lodged last evening at the inn?"

"Yes, masse, de cook say he dare now."

"Well, you can retire—and so, ma, it is even as I expected; I thought it was him as he rode past last evening."

"Well, Emma, how do you intend to bluff him off: I'm thinking it will be a shameful and delicate business."

"Shameful, indeed! When attorney Logan introduced him to me at the Springs, he brought him forward as one of the law students, and not as a poor printer as he is — I'll never forgive Mr. Logan."

"He is not to blame, my dear, he *is* his pupil; didn't the letter say he was a journeyman printer at A——, but in consideration of his promising abilities, Mr. Logan undertook gratuitously to bring him to the bar?"

"Well for all that I'll never marry a poor printer. I did have a tender regard for him once, and when I gave him my hand I deemed him somebody, so I acted from the promptings of the heart, but now I will be ruled by my better judgment."

"Well please yourself in that matter, my dear, I'm disposed to think honorable of ——, but la! me, if he isn't at the door now!"

Scarcely had she done speaking when our hero entered, and with a heart overflowing with gratitude and love, sprang forward to greet the object of his idolatry but imagine his surprise and dismay when he recived only in return a cold, distant courtesy, which froze his blood and rooted him to the spot. Bewildered and astonished at such greeting from his fair betrothed, he turned for explanation to the mother, who, perceiving the general embarrassment, stepped forward, and offering him a seat explained to him that since her daughter's return from the Springs, she had, after mature reflection and examining her heart, thought it best to dissolve the engagement that had been made between them.

The ruddy cheeks of the suiter became of an ashy paleness, and his bloodless lips quivered like an aspen leaf, as he falteringly exclaimed—.

"And wherein is my offence? have I merited this? good heavens! and is this the gentle, the tender, the confiding Emma White?"

"Sir, this is not the stage of a theatre to enact scenes," now spoke up the daughter, "let it suffice to know we are ever to be strangers to each other. You attempted to deceive me and pass yourself off for a gentleman, when it turns out you are of the working class, only a printer, a portionless journeyman, a fortune seeker. If you had an honorable profession, sir, and was of a good family as I once fondly thought, we could be united, but as it is I cannot and will not descend so low!" and as the young lady thus spoke, she tossed her head, and with a look of ineffable scorn and contempt, proudly sailed out of the room.

Overwhelmed with dismay and stung to the quick, the young man sat paralyzed many moments, but recovering somewhat of the shock, rose and staggered out of the room.

Alas! how crushed were his hopes now. Deceived, slighted, wronged, confidence betrayed, one whom he adored and loved, alas! too well, and all for being a "low bred, base mechanic?" And rushing madly to the Inn he sought his room and threw himself desperately on his humble cot, from which he did not rise for two long, weary months; for the unwonted disappointment and excitement of the morning had brought on a burning fever. From morn till night and night till morn, the patient raved a wild maniac, calling and conjuring his Emma to come back to him, and with his impatience and querrulousness, wearied all about him, save one. The physician despaired of restoring him, and resigning him to the care of the gentle Angusta, who watched at his bedside night and day with unremitting assiduity, bore with his imbecility, administered to his wants with kindness and soothed his irritated spirits by the gentlest words and treatment.

Finally, after the lapse of several weeks, he began slowly to recover, and reason returned once more. When having entirely recovered, he thanked the kind hostess and daughter with tearful eyes and heart overflowing with gratitude for their kindness in watching over him in his weakness and infirmities. He called Augusta his preserver, his guardian angel, and told her he owed to her his life, and that he would ever hold her in grateful rememberance, and though he was then about to depart and would not see her again for years, yet when fortune smiled upon him again, she should hear from him. Till then he bid her a sorrowful, a tearful farewell, and departed.

Years passed and still the unfortunate stranger was unheard of, and almost forgotten by the good gossips of Salem, and even by the one who caused his misfortunes, Emma White, herself: yet there was one in that little village who still gave him a place, not only in her memory, but also in her heart. It was the hostess' daughter.

* * * * * * *

Five years from the events just related, Richmond was crowded to overflowing, for the Legislature was in session, and had brought its usual retinue of strangers, office and pleasure seekers. It was by far the gayest season the capital had seen for many years; and balls, parties soirees, picnics, followed each other with unabated zest.

* * * * * * *

Gorgeous lights streamed from a score of windows of one of Pearl street's stateliest mansions, and sounds of music and revelry are heard within. Luscious and sylph-like forms skip over the richly carpeted floor, and grave gentlemen sit comfortably in the back ground, talking politics, gossiping and admiring the light hearted, the lovely and happy beings around them. We will draw near one of those companions, that one near the chandelier, consisting of two gentlemen and a young lady, and listen—and as we are incog in matters, but little harm will ensue if we are caught avesdropping.

"It is just as you say, Colonel White; the Legislature has done but little as yet, still I think they have redeemed themselves somewhat by one judicious act, in appointing our young friend K—— to the fifth judicial judg-hip.

"A very proper appointment, sir, very; but yonder he is now—see, the servant is just ushering him into the room."

"La! me, pa," exclaimed the young lady admirably, "how interesting he looks, and so young too, to be appointed a judge."

"He is a clever young man, Emma, and able too, or he would not have been honored with the responsible office just conferred upon him."

"Most assuredly I will do so, for here he comes now."

"A pleasant evening to you, gentlemen—Col White, pray how do you do?"

"Quite well, quite well, I thank you, Judge. Permit me to present you to my daughter. Judge K——, Miss White."

And with low deferential courtesy the lady greeted the gentleman and seated him beside her. With many an art and wile did she attempt to muse, please, and insinuate herself into the good graces of the promising young judge. But her efforts were in vain, her arrows were aimed against a heart of steel, and the countenance of the judge the while, wore a contemptuous and sneering expression that baffled all hearts and penetration.

"Heavens! what a face, how lovely, how angelic! But methinks I should know that countenance!" exclaimed the judge, as he caught the beautiful black eyes of a lovely lady in a distant corner of the room, rivited upon him.

"Who? the young lady in the black velvet mantilla? ha! ha! that's my protege, she is an orphan; her parent was a *Maitre de Hotel* in Salem, Virginia, so being left alone I took her under my charge, and right useful I find her; she answers both for a companion and maid. I would not have brought her here, but she seems so sad and melancholy, that pa would make me bring her, thinking it might somewhat revive her drooping spirits."

"It is, it is, the pure, the gentle Augusta! How fortunate! Pray, Miss White, excuse me—but I know you will, when I inform you I am '*only a printer*'—the poor mechanic you scorned, jilted and derided many years ago in the little village of Salem," and rising unceremoniously, the young judge hastily crossed the room, leaving the haughty girl covered with confusion and shame, to weep over her folly.

It was the lovely Augusta, and with doating heart, eyes sparkling with joy, and countenance suffused with blushes, the fair being welcomed the happy and excited young man.

Much as Miss White suffered by the gnawings of conscience, much as she upbraded herself, much as she grieved and sorrowed over her past conduct, her sore disappointment, her punishment, yet in a few weeks after, when the admired Judge K—— led the happy and envied Augusta to the altar, she could but acknowledge that her punishment was just, and that it was merited.

Judge K—— and his lady have lived happily, prosperously and contentedly together ever since, but Emma White, unhappy girl, is still a spinster—an old maid.

"So now, Lizzie, my story is ended, all but the *denouement*."

"*Denouement!*"

"Yes, for you must know, your dear father is the hero, and I the heroine: he the 'base-born mechanic,' the 'poor printer,' and I am the hostess' daughter.'"

"Pardon, pardon, mother!" and as the young miss threw herself into her mother's arms, she vowed never to be so selfish, so proud again.

"And you will go to Mrs. Downer's this evening?"

"Oh! that I will, mother, with pleasure."

The company began loudly to applaud Gov. F——, as he concluded his reminiscence, when he bid them cease as he too had finished all but the *denouement*.

"What is it? what is it?" rang around the circle.

"Why, nothing more nor less, than that the hero of my story has just entered this room," replied the Governor, as he pointed to his distinguished and astonished friend, amid the plaudits of the assembly.

Reuben, a slave, is to be hung in Va., for attempting to murder his mistress.

OLD MEN IN OLD TIMES—MODERN DEGENERACY.—Modern luxury is not favorable to long life. In the particular area, if translators of the scriptures are correct in their interpretations of the Mosaic measurement of time, an ancient Hebrew was quite a youth at the age of a century or so, and could scarcely be considered settled for life before he had reached his second centennial epoch. Now, however, a man is venerable at fifty, and although Old Parr saw his 159th birthday, and the census occasionally brings a centenarian to light, seventy is usually the extreme limit of human existence. The fact is, we moderns eat too much, drink too much, loaf too much, and work too little. We spoil our stomachs with over indulgence, and the result is impure blood, vitiated secretions, a disordered system, and premature decay. The root of half the fatal diseases of the race is dyspepsia, a complaint unknown, it is presumed, in the days of Moses and the prophets, when turtle soup, terrapin stew, rich *pate's* and champagne were uninvented As these, and hundreds of other indigestibles, however, form an indispensable portion of the *carte* of the nineteenth century, and human nature or rather artificial appetite *will* invoke dyspepsia with all its kindred horrors, one of the great objects of medical science should be to provide a cure for them. This we really think has been accomplished by Holloway. His Pills seem almost to realize the fable of the *Elixer Vita*. There can be no manner of dout, (unless we choose to reject a mass of testimony which would be deemed conclusive by any court and jury in Christendom,) that they are the most potent and unfailing remedy the world has ever seen for indigestion, and all disorders of the stomach, the liver and the bowels. We do not advise our readers to tempt an attack of these maladies by neglecting the condition of health; but if the mischief is done, we most earnestly recommend this famous laxative and stomachic—for strange to say, the Pills combine the two qualities—as the speediest, the safest, and the most infallible means of cure. In so doing we simply act upon our own convictions, founded on personal observation, as well as on volumes upon volumes of unimpeachable vouchers.—*Boston "Traveler."*

STARTLING TRAGEDY NEAR NEWBURG, N. Y.—There is a great excitement at Newburg, N. Y., in consequence of the discovery of the body of a young and beautiful female floating in the river. She was entirely naked, and around her neck was found a cord, and from this circumstance, as well as from the distortion of her features, it was evident her death had been caused by strangulation. It was supposed that the ruffians had first attempted to violate her person, and then murdered her. None of her apparel was found, and the only article belonging to her that has been discovered so far was a large cameo broach, or breastpin, which the murderers had evidently dropped in the hurry of their departure from the scene of the murder. The features were those of a very prepossessing young female, of not more than twenty years of age She has not been recognized.

Later accounts say the body has been recognized at that of Miss. Sarah Bloom, of Shawangunk township. Her sister positively identified the remains; but Wm. Jenkins, who furnished a conveyance for that young lady on Tuesday to go from Newburg to Shawangunk, testifies, on the contrary, that the body is not hers. Miss Bloom came to Jenkins to procure a conveyance; Jenkins furnished it and started with her but she left the wagon near the house of Mr. Marten at the basin, and since that time has not been heard from. A post-mortem examination of the body of deceased reveals the fact that an abortion had taken place a short time before death. The case is still in mystery.

THE CHARM OF BEAUTY.—This does not lie alone, as many suppose, in mere symmetry of form, but in the nameless graces accompanying oftentimes even those of otherwise unprepossessing and inharmonious features. In nothing which can adorn a lady does the power of beauty make itself more felt than in the fine conversational tact displayed by many women who render themselves charming in spite of physical defects. No mere wax doll beauty can for an hour hold comparison with this rare gift. Curran, in speaking of Madame de Stael, who was far from handsome in feature, observed that she could talk herself into a beautiful woman in half an hour. A conversational talent can be cultivated, and all ladies who wish to make themselves truly beautiful and pleasing, should consider this well and act upon the hint at their leisure.

HEALTH OF EMPLOYMENTS.—The following table, recently prepared by order of the Legislature of Massachusetts, is very instructive—showing, as it does, the comparative healthfulness of various employments, by a statistical statement of the average ages which those that follow them attain to:

Agriculturalists,	63.93	Manufacturers,	43.28
Bakers,	43.45	Masons,	47.78
Bank Officers,	63.76	Mechanics,	43.45
Blacksmiths,	51.44	Merchants,	51.71
Butchers,	50.00	Musicians,	39.86
Calico printers,	51.33	Operatives,	82.93
Carpenters,	49.39	Painters,	42.68
Clerks,	34.36	Physicians,	54.94
Clergymen,	55.71	Printers,	38.01
Coopers,	58.37	Public Officers,	56.87
Editors,	40.00	Rope Makers,	54.50
Gentlemen,	68.19	Ship Wrights,	55.27
Hatters,	54.27	Shoemakers,	43.12
Jewelers,	44.05	Tailors,	44.35
Judges and Justices,	65.00	Teachers,	34.46
Lawyers,	54.43	Traders,	46.35
Machinists,	36.41		

A "DO-LESS" WOMAN is a blot on Creation; a burthen to herself and to all around her. Cobbett spoke truly when he said that women is never so amiable as when she is useful: and as for beauty, though men may fall in love with girls at play, there is nothing to make them stand to their love like seeing them at work—engaged at the useful offices of the home and family.

For the Easton Gazette.

SPIRIT YEARNINGS.

BY HARRY GRENVILLE:

"I long to be beloved. My bosom yearns
Tow'rds all that's pure and beautiful, and fain
Would find a recompense of love again.
My pensive soul with ardent thirsting turns
To Heaven and earth to seek its fill of love."

So sang the gifted Mackeliar, as with that poetic flame burning in his heart, he thrilled his sweetest minstrelsy,

"I long to be loved."

What passionate longings are the poets gifts! And as he pours forth in symphonious strain, his sweetest numbers, fresh from the inner chambers of his heart, warm with seraphic fire, his soul yearns tow'rds all that's pure and beautiful, and the cold, harsh, unfeeling, soulless world, and its hollow heartedness is forgotten, and the wind soars on magic pinions through thought's wide realm, and the soul, the immortal part drinks its fill of love, love of all thats 'pure and beautiful.' The sneers, the insults, the scornful mockeries of the callous, vain, selfish and purse-proud are lost upon those who feel within their inner frame the divine afflatus, thrilling and rushing impetuously through the whole vast system of heart and brain, and the inner man loses its languid, torpid feeling, and with renewed vigor rises superior to the fashionable conventionalists of *society*.

Poet, man of letters, child of genius, where'er you are to be found, would ye sacrifice your innate perception of the beautiful and fair, your passionate longing and yearning tow'rds spirits that congenial are; would ye exchange the conscious pride of talent, the glorious and stirring knowledge of your power, your intellectual superiority, would ye I ask exchange these heaven-sent gifts, for the warriors triumphal ear, the statesmans world wide renown, the theologians wide extended fame? Would ye resign these priceless treasurss, for wealth of Croesus or 'all the fame that science gives, or desperate daring in pernicious war?'

Nay! when I become so fallen, so degraded and debased, when like Lucifer star of the morning I fall from among the children of light, may posterity forget my name, my being and allow me to sink deep in the sluggish cesspool of oblivion, my identity be forgotten, and as a thing that never had a being. Away with your hoards of glittering metals, your vast accumulated treasures of every clime! Fame thou art but an empty bauble, fashion thou art but a ghastly skeleton when viewed impartially. Society! what is it? A collection of breathless beings, soulless, ay I had almost said brainless! My soul sickens. Avaunt thou dismal spectres!

The Poets star gemmed be mine. The Poets passions, fears, hope, longings, desires, all, all, all, I crave and my

"Pensive soul with ardent thirsting turns
To heaven and earth to seek its fill of love."

Love of the good, the pure, the beautiful, whether in natures wide spread scenery, or in the diamond studded heavens. Love of the grand, the bold, the terrible; of old ocean when the storm god shrieking in savage glee summons his minions, and lashes his marine monsters over the whirling, surging, seething caldron of the great deep.—Love of the terrible but fascinating, when the loud thunders rattle and the forked lightnings play, when heavens artillery wakes the echoes of the savage wild, and the fiery tongues kiss the billowy ridge of the craggy mountain's top. Love of the bold scenery of our own glorious west, of her waving praries, of her giant oaks rearing their proud heads up to the sky above, and anon bowing in *summission to the* power of Boreas as the whirlwind rushes thro' the forest with a noise as of trampling of thousands.

Love tow'rds the beautiful and good and fair, when the soul goes forth to meet its kindred spirit, and lay its oblation of love upon the alter of the affections. But alas, alas! One of our most gifted Hemans the enchanting, the glorious, too truly has sung:

"Oh ask thou, hope thou not too much
Of sympathy below;
Few are the hearts whence one same touch
Bids the sweet fountains flow—
Few and by still conflicting powers
Forbidden here to meet;
Such ties would make this life of ours
Too fair for aught so fleet."

And daily *experience* only serves to confirm this impression, and the soul of the poet now despondent and languishing, anon bold and triumphant, *lingers* on destitute of all support but that derived from his own conscious knowledge of his power, and the boons bestowed upon and kindly granted to him by the Providence above all, and when his course is finished, he sings with Montgomery the noble—

"There is no union of hearts
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying none were blest."

England and France Against New Granada, &c.—Both the British and French ministers, it is said, have represented to the government of New Granada that she is wrong in regard to the controversy with the United States, and that if she persists in her position she will not be supported in it by either England or France.

Negotiations with England will not be resumed upon the basis of the Dallas-Clarendon treaty.

SNOW DRIFTS ON MAY DAY.—The drifts, says the Hartford (Conn.) Times, of the 1st inst., are still deep in Norfolk and the hilly portions of the State along the Massachusetts line, although it is now the 1st of May. On Wednesday, we learn by the post riders, the snow was five feet deep in the road in the northwest part of Norfolk, and travel was still impeded; while the drifts in New Marlboro, over the Massachusetts line, were six feet deep.

Gubernatorial Nomination.—The Americans have nominated Robert Patton for Governor of Tennessee.

[Correspondence of the Easton Gazette.]

LEAVENWORTH CITY, 4 mo. 20th, 1857.

MR. EDITOR:—On the evening of the eighth, I left St. Louis, the great emporium of the west. Though St. Louis can not compare with Cincinnati in the number of its fine buildings, the regularity of its streets and general beauty of appearance, it far surpasses it in point of business. The day after my arrival I counted lying at the levee near one hundred large steamers receiving and discharging goods of which the levee was filled a distance of more than a mile. The rushing to and fro of the laborers loading and discharging the steamers, the hallowing of draymen, hackmen, and porters of the different hotels, together with the buzzing of steam from the numerous boats present a scene rarely witnessed and most diffiucut to describe.

The scenery on the Missouri river, with some few exceptions is uninteresting, presenting a continuation of low lands lined with timber; the river is very muddy and rapid, with a narrow channel and most difficult to navigate, owing to its many sand bars that are continually changing their position. We saw large flocks of wild fowl even more numerous than in our own beautiful bay.

On the evening of the 14th we arrived at Leavenworth and foung that young city in quite a commotion, owing to the election of Adams, Free Sate Mayor, by two hundred majority. The election passed off without any difficulty except the usual number of drunken fights on such occasions. Bleeding Kansas is now quiet and no more difficulties are apprehended. The conservative men of both parties are using their influence to accomplish that end; as an omen Lane and Stringtellow have dined together.

Property has gone up in this city and surrounding country to almost fabulous prices. Lots sell from one to eight thousand dollars, according to location. Two years ago shares calling for twelve lots could be bought for two hundred and fifty dollars, but that good time has passed and parties will now have to be satisfied with smaller profits. A farm three and a half miles from this city sold a few weeks ago for one hundred and ten dollars an acre, and for some lying nearer town they are asking two hundred and two hundred and fifty dollars an acre. One of the best business done here is lying out town sites, (many of which must go down) and selling the shares, which range from one to twelve hundred dollars. This business is conducted by large capitalists from the East, who make large profits. Lane has bought out a portion of the town of Doniphan, (pro-slavery) for which he has paid fifteen thousand dollars. On the 17th I left this place for Lawrence, a distance of thirty-five miles, passing near that portion of the Delaware reserve not yet brought into market; the country is a beautiful rolling prairie, with but few houses except the Indian cabins, at one of which we stopped to dine, on the Big Stranger River, but which in reality is nothing more than a brook. The scarcity of streams and timber in this country is a great objection, but coal has been discovered, and the well water is good, which may in a measure overcome the difficulty. Our dinner was good had it have been clean, but these Indians like most of their race are not celebrated for their cleanliness, but what may perhaps be much better for the Pale Faces, they are very peaceable.

We arrived at the ferry on Kansas river at 5 o'clock, and crossed near to the town.—This is a safe ferry and differently arranged from any that I have ever seen; the rope passes above the water to which is attached a block with wheel within, with rope passing through and attached to each end of boat; then to each end of boat are sliding boards, in passing over the stern board is pushed down, the current strking against it acting as the propelling power sending the boat swiftly across the stream. On re-crossing the day after the rope broke, and we at one time bid fair to make a trip down stream to Kansas city, but owing to poles being thrown to us and the strong arms of the Indian ferryman we succeeded gaining the shore quarter of a mile below, here the horses were led out and carriage pulled after them, and after picking our way through the woods succeeded in regaining the road without further difficulty.

As we will remember Lawrence is the town that was attempted to destroy during the difficulties existing in the territory. I visited the fire (5) redoubts or entrenchments thrown up in the city, and Fort on the hill to which the inhabitants escaped. When the Free State Hotel, Printing Office, &c., were destroyed the type were thrown into Kansas river but were afterwards recovered and moulded into bullets in contemplation of a second attack. The paper has some time since made its appearance and the hotel is being rebuilt. The storm has passed never again to return.

The first and second day after my arrival I had the pleasure of dining with a resident of Talbot county, at Fort Leavenworth, Doct. E. Covey, U. S. A.

Fort Leavenworth is situated on a fine bluff on the river, three and a half miles from the city, and commands a beautiful view of the surrounding country. The government have here a reserve and farm four by two miles, under a fine state of cultivation. The troops are to cross the Plains in a few weeks, to escort the new Governor lately appointed for Utah. It is possible that they may have some trouble with the men of many wives.

The weather here has been very unpleasant, windy, cold and very unseasonable, but this morning bids fare to be more pleasant. The city is crowded with strangers, the hotels are filled to overflowing. K.

Hume, the table-turner and magnetizer, who has of late excited such attention in Paris has predicted to M. Alexander Dumas that he would live to the age of 113 years, and be killed in a duel.

Eliza Hall, colored, was killed by lightning in Va., on Saturday night week.